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Hanna-Barbera's
SCOOBY DOO...
WHERE ARE YOU!
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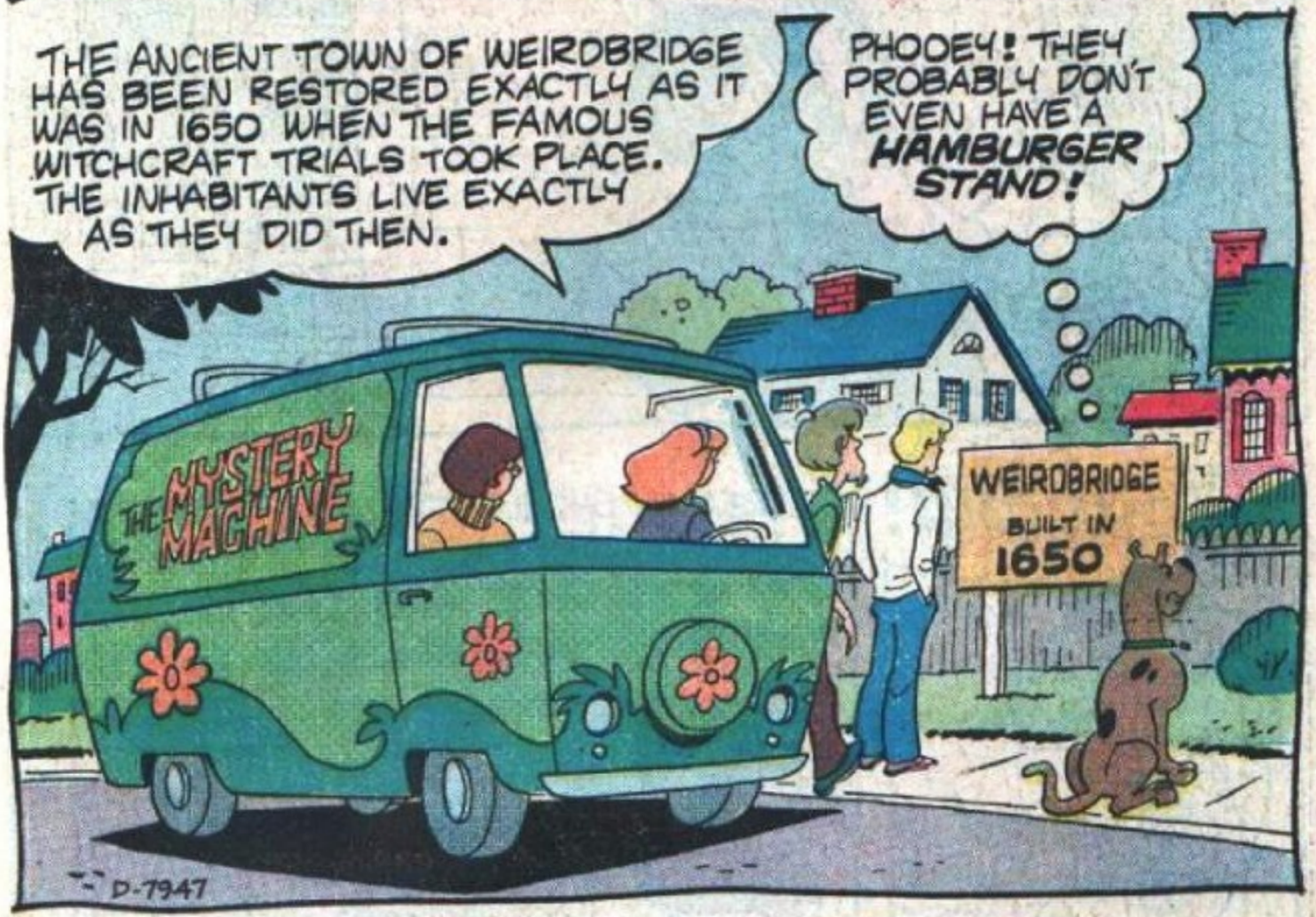
Hanna-Barbera
SCOOBY DOO... WHERE ARE YOU!

WHAT WITCH IS WHICH?


THE ANCIENT TOWN OF WEIRDBRIDGE HAS BEEN RESTORED EXACTLY AS IT WAS IN 1650 WHEN THE FAMOUS WITCHCRAFT TRIALS TOOK PLACE. THE INHABITANTS LIVE EXACTLY AS THEY DID THEN.
PHOOEY! THEY PROBABLY DON'T EVEN HAVE A HAMBURGER STAND!
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
WEIRDBRIDGE BUILT IN 1650
D-7947

SCOOBY DOO

SCOOBY DOO, WHERE ARE YOU? Vol. 2, No. 9, August, 1976.
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SCOOBY DOO! LET THAT CAT ALONE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT SATANA, YOUNG MAN. YOUR DOG WON'T HURT HER!
AARRGGHH!
I REALLY SHOULDN'T CHASE CATS!
NOW I KNOW I SHOULDN'T CHASE CATS!
WHIMPER!
SCOOBY DOO! ARE YOU AFRAID OF THAT LITTLE CAT?
ARE YOU A COWARD, SCOOBY?
THAT'S NOT AN ORDINARY CAT.
2

IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU BE GONE BEFORE DARKNESS SETS IN.
WHY? WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK
VISITORS MUST LEAVE WEIRDBRIDGE BEFORE SUNSET
YOU'LL BE AFRAID OF THE DARK IF YOU STAY HERE, YOUNG LADY!
REVEREND MEANIE
CAN WE VISIT YOUR CHURCH, REVEREND MEANIE?
ONLY THE RIGHTEOUS CAN ENTER MY CHURCH, SISTER!
WHAT DO WE LOOK LIKE, GANGSTERS?
WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME IN AND LOOK AROUND, FRIENDS?
NOT REALLY! IN FACT, I WISH WE'D NEVER FOUND WEIRDBRIDGE!
THERE'S SOMETHING I MUST DO! PLEASE EXCUSE ME.
OF COURSE.

IF THEE WISHES TO PURCHASE A SOUVENIR OF YOUR VISIT TO WEIRDBRIDGE, COME INSIDE.
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA. COME IN, GANG.
Ye Olde Gifte Shoppe
4

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

LOOK AT THIS FABULOUS TOWEL!
THERE'S A MIRROR! I FEEL A LITTLE PALE ...I'D BETTER CHECK!
YIIIIII!!
WHAT SCARED YOU THIS TIME, CHICKEN? OH, THE MIRROR! IT'S JUST AN ORDINARY MIRROR...
NOW, WATCH... I'LL PROVE THERE'S NOTHING SCARY ABOUT IT!
AARRRGHH!
IS TH-THAT M-ME?
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, FRED!
OKAY, SHAGGY! COME ON, GIRLS... IT'S GETTING LATE ANYHOW!

IT'S D-DARK OUT!
WHO SAID THAT?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? IT IS DARK OUT!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HAVE LEFT BY SUNDOWN! LET'S HURRY!
TERRIFIC IDEA!
Ye olde Gifte Shoppe
ULP!
HEE-HEE!
HEE-HEE!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN A HURRY TO LEAVE, SHAGGY!
AND LEAVE YOU GIRLS DEFENSELESS! NEVER!
SHAGGY MUST HAVE SEEN SOMETHING TOO!
STAND FAST, TRESPASSERS IN WEIRDBRIDGE! YOU HAVE BROKEN OUR LAWS AND MUST BE TRIED!
REVEREND MEANIE! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HIM I DON'T LIKE!

YOU ARE ALL WITCHES SENT TO WEIRDBRIDGE TO DESTROY US!
HUH? WHO ARE YOU CALLING A WITCH?
THE MONGREL IS POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL TOO! HE MUST BE TRIED!
I AM TRYING... TO GET OUT OF THIS NUTHOUSE!
THAT WEIRDBRIDGE WEIRDO HAS A REAL GUN! I GOTTA HIDE!
ye General Store
I'M GOING TO FIND THEE, MONGREL, AND WHEN I DO...
FLOUR
THAT ACCURSED CANINE MUST HAVE ESCAPED! I SHALL LOOK OUTSIDE.
GOOD.... IT WAS GETTING STUFFY IN HERE!
FLOUR
YIIIIII!!
?
7

SCATTER, FRIENDS -- THERE'S A STRANGE GHOST IN TOWN!
SCOOBY DOO!
IT'S SCOOBY!
HE'S POSSESED BY THE DEVIL!

ONE SIDE -- I AM THE LEADER OF THIS CONGREGATION.
THAT DRATTED CAT IS NEVER AROUND WHEN I WANT HER!

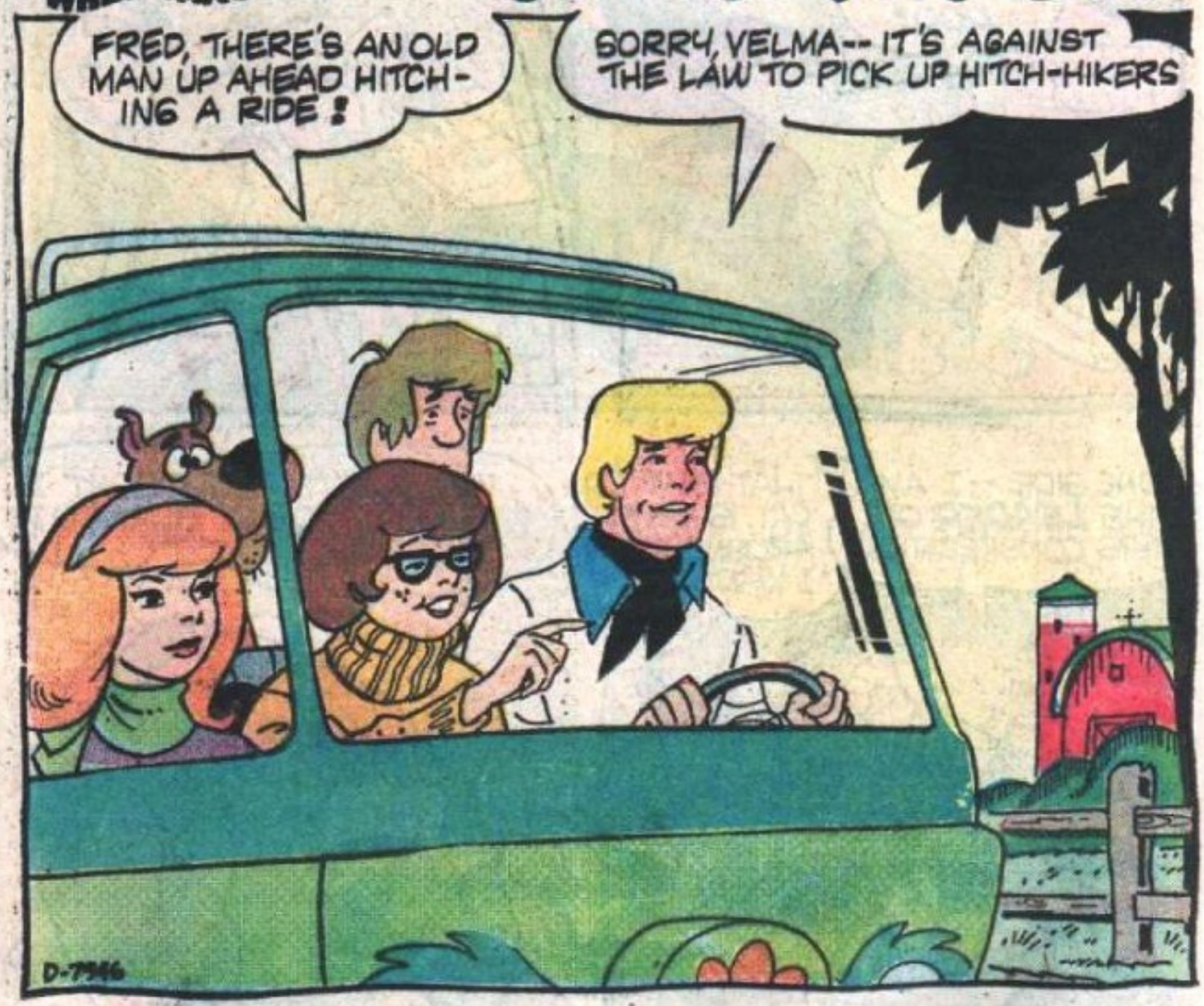
WE MADE IT! I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO GET BURNED AT THE STAKE!

HE LOOKS MORE NATURAL NOW! I WAS GETTING WORRIED THAT HE REALLY WAS A GHOST!

THOSE NUTS ACTUALLY BELIEVE THEY'RE THE ORIGINAL INHABITANTS OF WEIRDBRIDGE IN 1650.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THEY AREN'T?
SCOOBY DOO!
MYSTERY MACHINE
END

Hanna-Barbera
SCOOBY DOO... WHERE ARE YOU!

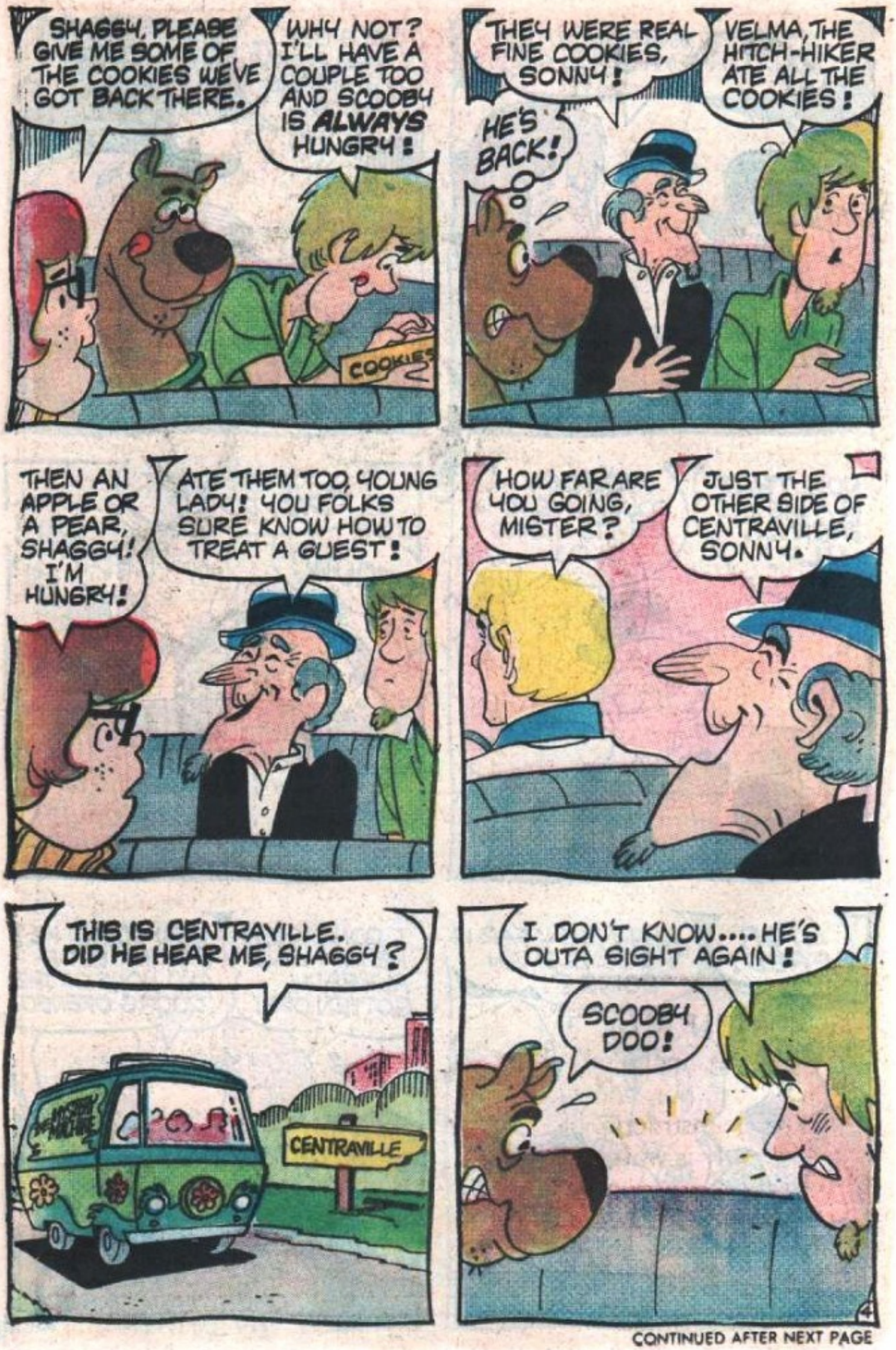
The HITCH-HIKER



YOU'RE SOFT-HEARTED, FRED.
NO, I'M NOT... AND NOBODY OPEN THAT DOOR FOR HIM TO GET INSIDE.
I WON'T OPEN THE DOOR... THERE'S NO ONE OUT THERE ANYHOW.
THANK YOU, YOUNG SIR, FOR STOPPING FOR ME. YOU MAY PROCEED!
Y!!!!!!!!!!
THAT WAS MY LINE!
I'VE BEEN VISITING MY GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN FOR THE WEEK END.
THAT'S NICE. LITTLE KIDS LIKE HAVING GREAT-GRANDFATHERS FOR A VISIT.
MY GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN ARE NEARLY NINETY.
SCOOBY DOO! IF THEY'RE NINETY HOW OLD IS THIS GUY?

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

IF THEY'RE NINETY, HOW OLD WOULD THAT MAKE YOU, SIR?
LET'S SEE... I WAS BORN 172 YEARS AGO...
NOW, THAT IS A LIE IF I EVER.... ULP!
NOBODY COULD LIVE TO BE 172 YEARS OLD!
I NEVER SAID I DID, DID I?
YEOOW!
YEE!!!!
STOP, FRED!
WHY? HOW FAR IS THE GENTLEMAN GOING?
I DON'T KNOW HE MAY HAVE ALREADY GOTTEN OFF!
HOW COULD HE? I DIDN'T STOP AND NONE OF THE DOORS OPENED.
THE DOORS DIDN'T OPEN WHEN HE GOT IN EITHER!

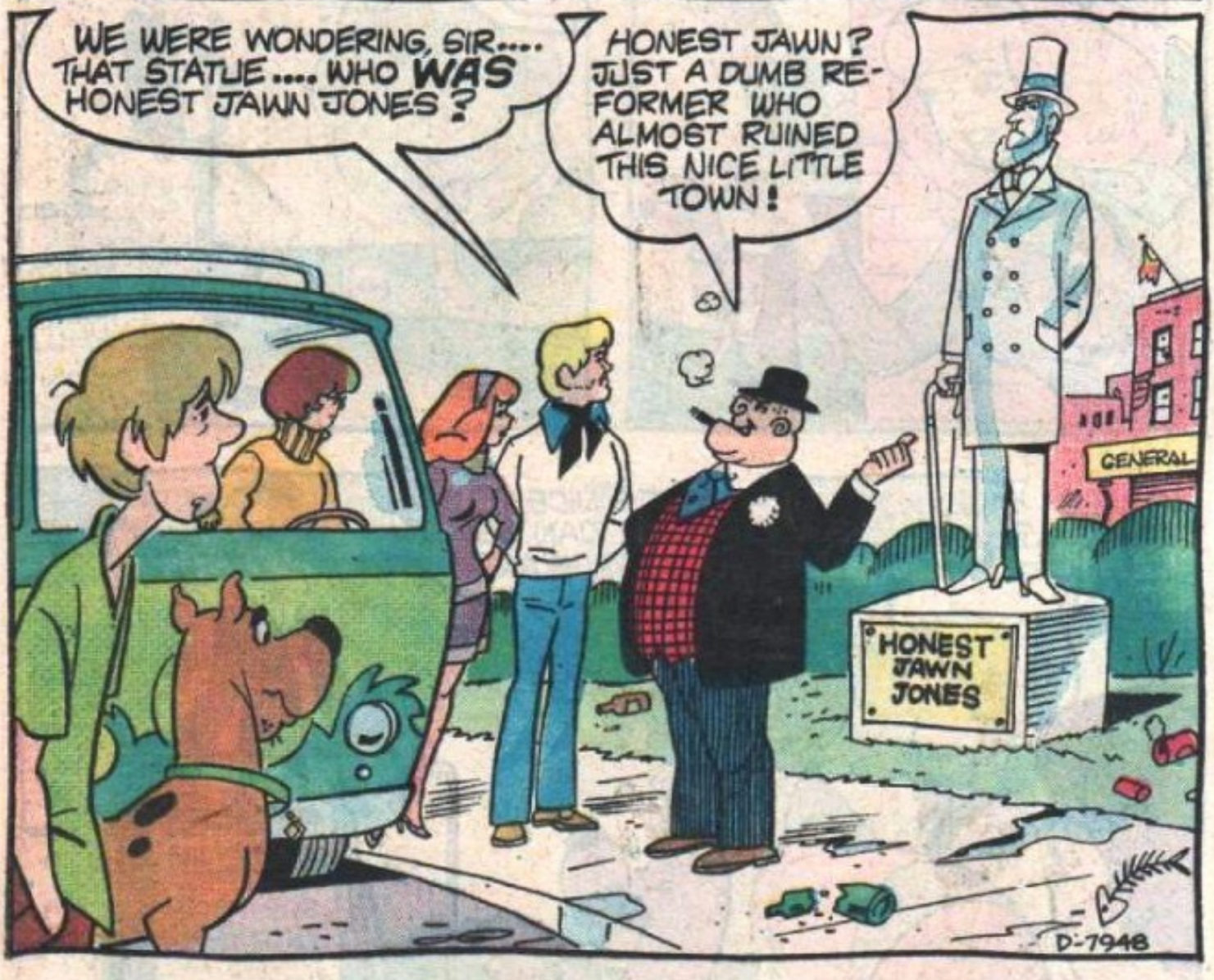

SHAGGY, PLEASE GIVE ME SOME OF THE COOKIES WE'VE GOT BACK THERE.
WHY NOT? I'LL HAVE A COUPLE TOO AND SCOOBY IS ALWAYS HUNGRY!
COOKIES
THEY WERE REAL FINE COOKIES, SONNY!
VELMA, THE HITCH-HIKER ATE ALL THE COOKIES!
HE'S BACK!
THEN AN APPLE OR A PEAR, SHAGGY! I'M HUNGRY!
ATE THEM TOO, YOUNG LADY! YOU FOLKS SURE KNOW HOW TO TREAT A GUEST!
HOW FAR ARE YOU GOING, MISTER?
JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF CENTRAVILLE, SONNY.
THIS IS CENTRAVILLE. DID HE HEAR ME, SHAGGY?
CENTRAVILLE
I DON'T KNOW.... HE'S OUTA SIGHT AGAIN!
SCOOBY DOO!

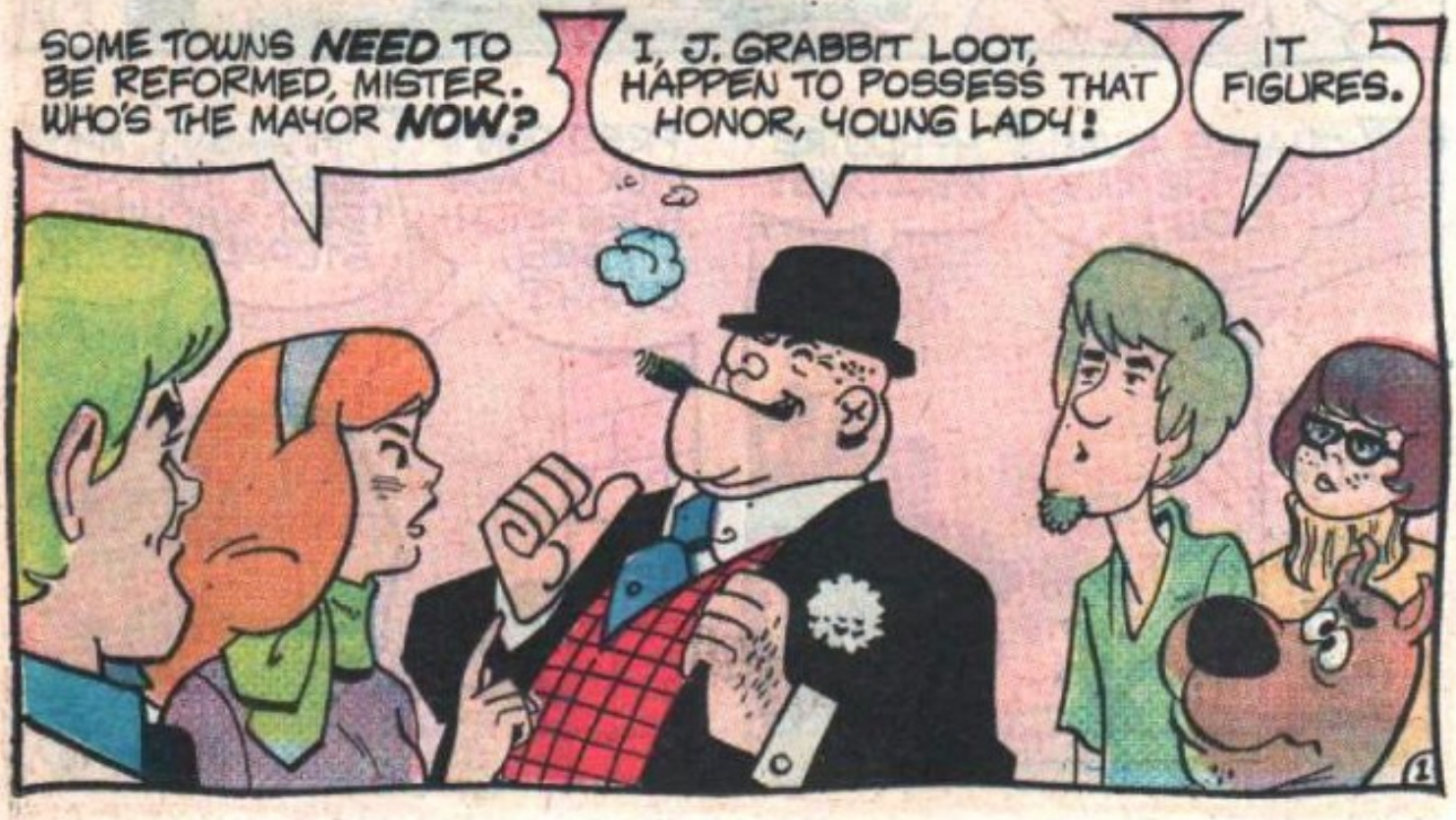
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

YELL WHEN YOU WANT OUT, MISTER. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
NOT RIGHTLY ANYWHERE, MISS.
CENTRAVILLE GEN. STORE
THIS'LL BE JUST FINE, SONNY!
CENTRAVILLE CEMETERY
YOU DIDN'T USE ANY OF THE DOORS TO GET IN OR OUT THIS TIME EITHER. HOW DO YOU DO THAT?
JUST A LITTLE TRICK YOU LEARN IN TIME, SONNY! YOU MAY BE ABLE TO DO IT YOURSELF SOME DAY!
HOLD IT, FRED! I WANT TO SEE WHERE THAT GUY GOES.
THE MYSTERY MACHINE
VROOOM
COME TO THINK OF IT, SO DO I!
5

THERE HE GOES.... OVER THERE!
I THINK HE'S WAITING FOR US.
RIP
IS THIS WHERE...?
YEP. IT'S NICE TO BE HOME... I CAN USE A LITTLE PEACE AND QUIET.
BARNABY SLOCUM
BORN 1803
DIED 1887
THANKS AGAIN FOR THE RIDE, KIDS!
Y-YOU'RE WELCOME!
BARNABY SLOCUM
1887
FRED, DON'T PICK UP ANY MORE HITCH-HIKERS, OKAY?
IT WASN'T MY IDEA! THE MYSTERY MACHINE STOPPED ITSELF.
END

SCOOBY DOO... WHERE ARE YOU! WHAT BECAME OF HONEST JAWN?


WE WERE WONDERING, SIR.... THAT STATUE.... WHO WAS HONEST JAWN JONES?
HONEST JAWN? JUST A DUMB RE-FORMER WHO ALMOST RUINED THIS NICE LITTLE TOWN!
GENERAL
HONEST JAWN JONES
D-7948


SOME TOWNS NEED TO BE REFORMED, MISTER. WHO'S THE MAYOR NOW?
I, J. GRABBIT LOOT, HAPPEN TO POSSESS THAT HONOR, YOUNG LADY!
IT FIGURES.
1

IT'S GETTING LATE, MAYOR LOOT. IS THERE A NICE HOTEL IN TOWN WHERE WE CAN STAY?
IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT HOTEL OVER THERE IS THE FINEST IN THE STATE.
AND YOU JUST HAPPEN TO OWN IT, YOUR HONOR?
WE'VE HAD A LONG DAY, VELMA. I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.
HOTEL ROYAL
I HATE DOUBLING UP WITH SCOOBY-DOO! HE TALKS IN HIS SLEEP!
I'LL STAY AWAKE TONIGHT AND LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY!
A ROOM FOR THE LADIES AND ONE FOR YOU GENTS. THE MUT CAN SLEEP IN THE CELLAR.
SCOOBY DOO WILL SHARE OUR ROOM, MISTER.
THAT'LL BE FIFTY BUCKS APIECE FOR THE ROOMS!
BUT.... I GUESS WE HAVE NO CHOICE!
AND FIVE BUCKS FOR PARKIN' THE CAR!
2

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT TWO PAGES!

YUCCHH! WE MIGHT BE BETTER OFF IN THE CELLAR WITH SCOOBY!
THIS PLACE HASN'T BEEN CLEANED SINCE HONEST JAWN WAS MAYOR!
WHAT A RIP-OFF!
EEP!
THUD
HE-HE!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS TOWN, FRED. IT'S KINDA CRUMMY.
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. LET'S ALL GO OUT AND GET A GOOD MEAL.
HOTEL ROYALE
I WAS AFRAID THEY WERE GOING TO RING FOR ROOM SERVICE!
LET'S FIND A REALLY NICE RESTAURANT.
13

THIS IS THE ONLY RESTAURANT I CAN SEE.
I'M SO HUNGRY I DON'T CARE WHERE I EAT!
the Elite RESTAURANT
WHAT'S GOOD, MISS?
SPEED BOY IN THE SIXTH AT HIALEA. WHADDYA WANTA EAT?
RACING FORM
Menu
I'LL HAVE BROILED LAMB CHOPS, PLEASE.
THEN, I'LL TAKE PORK CHOPS.
THEN WHAT DO YOU HAVE?
ALL OUTA LAMB CHOPS.
OUTA THEM TOO. ME AN' THE COOK HAD THEM FOR SUPPER.
HAMBURGER, FRIES, AN' COFFEE.
UH... WHO OWNS THIS RESTAURANT?
MAYOR LOOT .... WHO ELSE?
LATER...
AND I ALWAYS SAID I NEVER MET A HAMBURGER I COULDN'T LIKE! THIS IS IT!
LET'S GO, GANG, I JUST DECIDED TO GO ON A DIET!
FIFTEEN DOLLARS FOR FIVE HAMBURGERS! THAT'S ROBBERY!
YEP--BUT THIS IS THE ONLY RESTAURANT IN TOWN!

GET THE MUTT OUTA HERE!
COME ON, SCOOBY ... HE MIGHT GIVE YOU FLEAS!
GRRRRR!
SCOOBY DOO!
HELLPP!!
POOR HONEST JAWN ... HE HAS TO STAND THERE AND WATCH CROOKS LIKE J. GRABBIT LOOT RUIN HIS TOWN!
LET'S GO OVER AND LOOK AT THE STATUE, GANG.
BANG
BANG
I WISH YOU WERE ALIVE, MR. JONES! THIS TOWN NEEDS SOMEONE LIKE YOU RIGHT NOW!
HONEST
THE TOWN IS A MESS! THE STREETS NEED REPAIR, IT'S DIRTY, AND J. GRABBIT LOOT SEEMS TO OWN EVERYTHING AROUND!
?
5

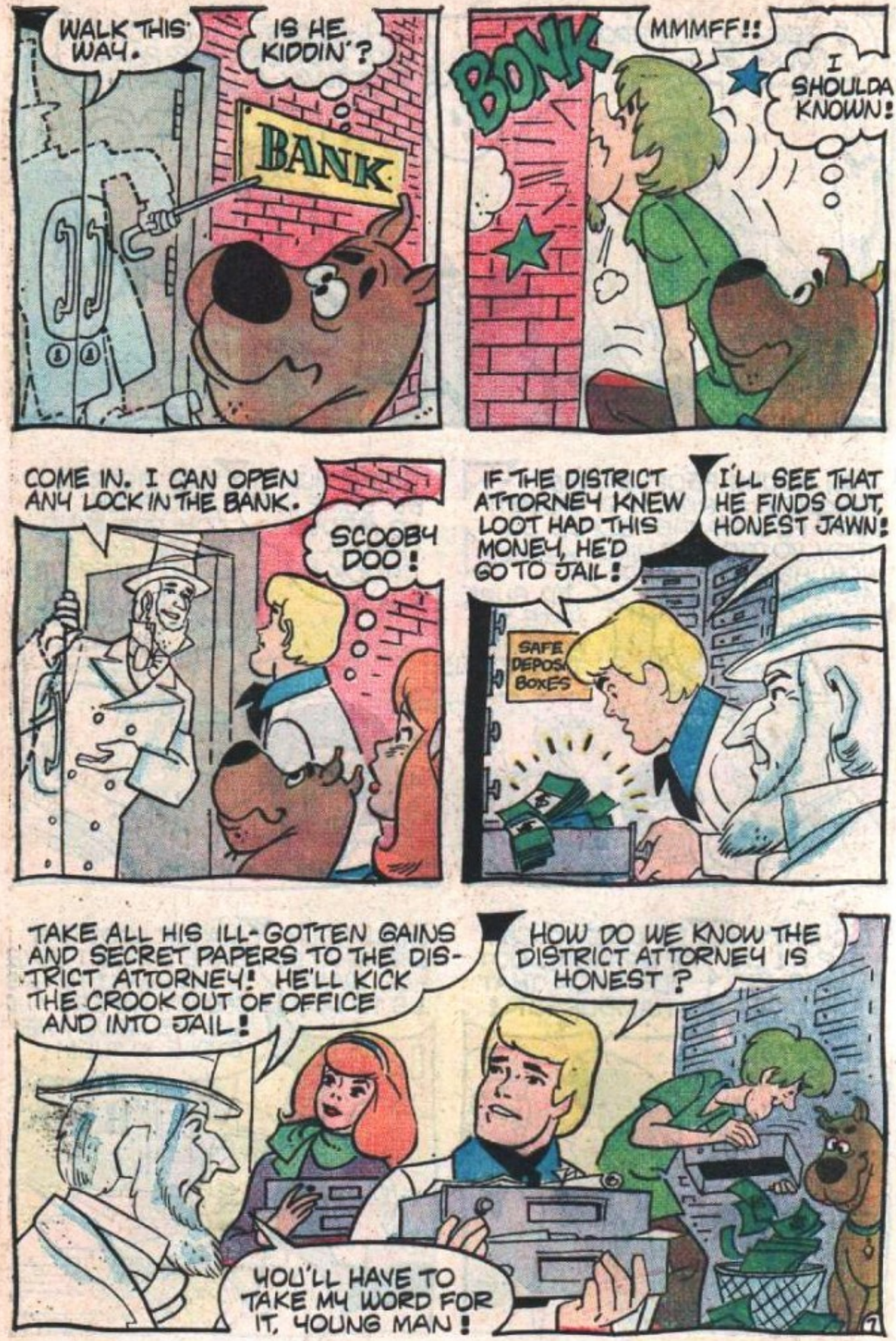
I BEG YOUR PARDON, FOLKS, BUT....
Y!!!!!!!!
IT L-LOOKS LIKE HONEST J-JAWN!
D-DON'T P-PANIC, GANG!
HONEST JAWN JONES

YOU YOUNG PEOPLE ARE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT! J. GRABBIT LOOT FOOLED THE PEOPLE SO THEY VOTED FOR HIM. NOW HE'S CROOKED AS A PIG'S TAIL!
I'D SURE HATE TO LIVE IN THIS TOWN!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO PROVE HE'S A CROOK!
THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY COULDN'T FIND PROOF BUT I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK! I NEED HELP, THOUGH.

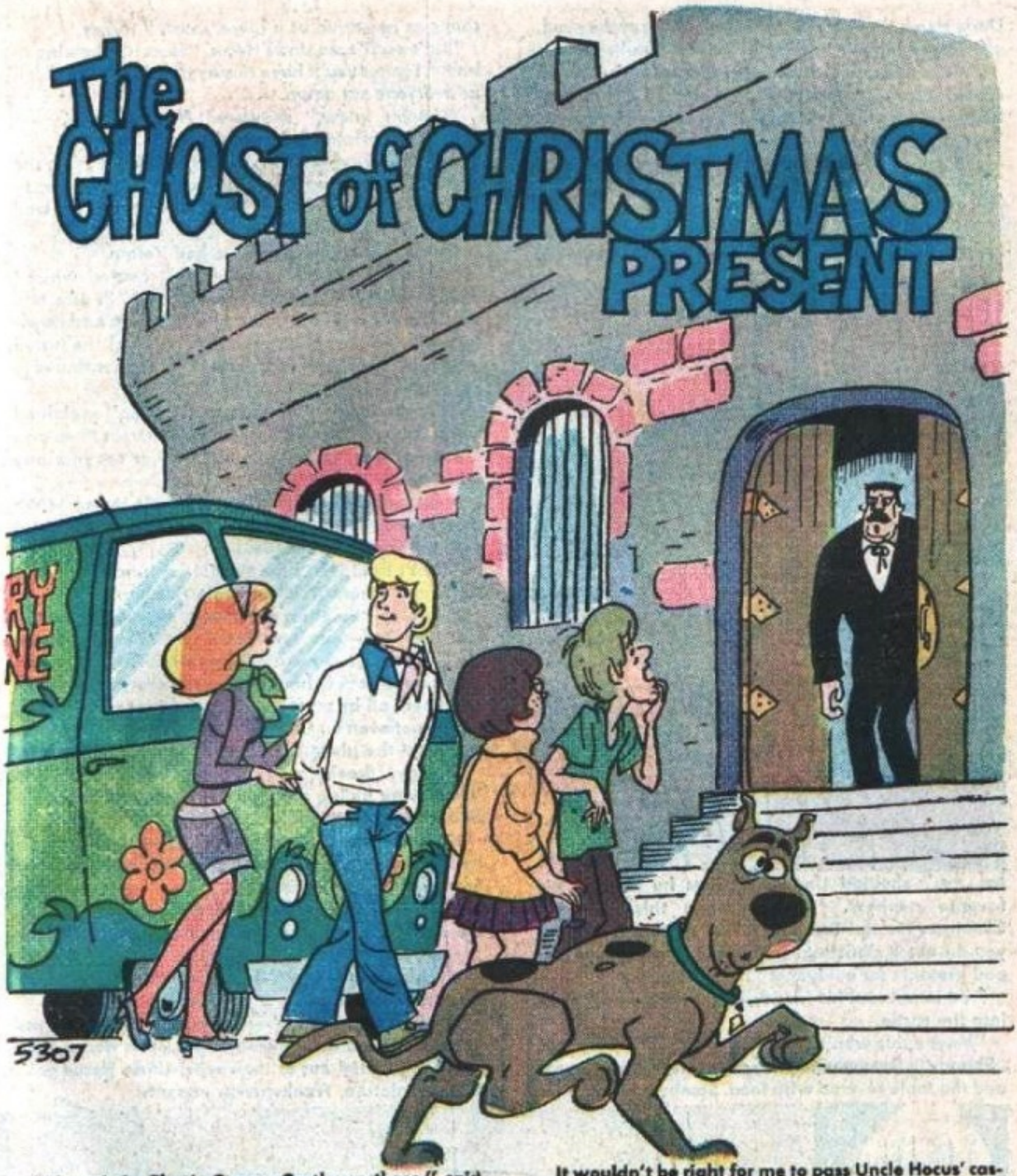
I C-CAN'T HELP IT! I'LL ALWAYS BE PREJUDICED AGAINST GHOSTS!
I'D LIKE TO GET J. GRABBIT LOOT JUST FOR THAT HAMBURGER!

WE'LL HELP, SIR. WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?
MAYOR LOOT HAS SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES IN THE BANK! HE HAS SECRET PAPERS AND ALL THE MONEY HE STOLE IN THEM!
BANK
6


WALK THIS WAY.
IS HE KIDDIN'?
BANK
BONK
MMMFF!!
I SHOULDA KNOWN!
COME IN. I CAN OPEN ANY LOCK IN THE BANK.
SCOOBY DOO!
IF THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY KNEW LOOT HAD THIS MONEY, HE'D GO TO JAIL!
I'LL SEE THAT HE FINDS OUT, HONEST JAWN!
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
TAKE ALL HIS ILL-GOTTEN GAINS AND SECRET PAPERS TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! HE'LL KICK THE CROOK OUT OF OFFICE AND INTO JAIL!
HOW DO WE KNOW THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY IS HONEST?
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, YOUNG MAN!

SO! YOU KIDS WILL GO TO JAIL FOR THIS!
YOUR THE ONE WHO'S GOING TO JAIL, LOOT!
BAN
COME ON, GANG!
STOP, THIEVES!
IT TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE!
BAN
COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY!
DID SOMEONE MENTION ME?
PLOP
YOU LOOK JUST LIKE HONEST JAWN, MR. JONES!
HE WAS MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, YOUNG LADY. NOW WHY DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME?
NEXT DAY, WITH THE EVIDENCE FROM THE BANK, J. GRABBIT LOOT WAS INDICTED FOR A DOZEN CRIMES...
WE'LL HAVE HONEST GOVERNMENT NOW, THANKS TO YOU.
COUNTY COURT HOUSE
LOOK.... HONEST JAWN LOOKS HAPPY NOW!
MYSTERY MACHINE
HONEST
END

The GHOST of CHRISTMAS PRESENT



"There it is. That's Creepy Castle up there," said Fred as he pulled the van over to the side of the road. He pointed at a mountain peak just ahead. On top of the mountain was a dark, dingy, spooky-looking castle.

Daphne, Velma, Shaggy and Scooby pressed their noses against the snow-speckled windshield in order to see the old castle.

"Do we have to stop there?" asked Shaggy as a chill went up and down his spine. "Creepy Castle gives me the creeps!"

Scooby growled and mumbled which meant that he agreed with Shaggy. Neither one of them wanted to stop at the mysterious, old place. There were sure that it was haunted.

It wouldn't be right for me to pass Uncle Hocus' castle without stopping to say hello," explained Fred. He pulled the van back onto the snow covered road. "This is Christmas Eve, and we should spread a little cheer. Uncle Hocus used to be a movie star. His stage name was Hocus Pocus. Now he lives alone. A visit from us will probably cheer him up."

"I remember seeing your Uncle Hocus Pocus in the movies," said Daphne. "He used to make horror movies!"

"That's right!" answered Fred as the van neared Creepy Castle. "Uncle Hocus made his living by scaring people to death. He was always a nut about monsters, ghouls and ghosts. That's why he bought Creepy Castle. The place is supposed to be haunted.

Uncle Hocus thought it would remind him of the good, old days if he owned a house with a live-in ghost."

"We're going to visit a haunted house with a live-in spook? Yikes," screamed Shaggy and Scooby as they hugged each other and shivered in each other's arms. "We're not going to bring Christmas cheer, we're going to get some Christmas fear!" Shaggy stuttered.

"The snow storm is getting worse," said Fred as he parked the van outside of Creepy Castle.

Just then, the door of Creepy Castle jerked open. "Hello, Fred! I'm glad you and your friends stopped to

see me," shouted Uncle Hocus as he hugged his favorite nephew. "You've made this a Merry Christmas for me! Come right in. I've been expecting you. I have a Christmas tree, a big Christmas dinner and presents for everyone!" he announced.

Fred introduced his friends, and then they all went into the castle.

"Maybe this won't be so bad after all," whispered Shaggy to Scooby when he saw the tree, the presents and the table covered with food. Scooby just licked his chops as he stared at a huge, roasted turkey.

"Let's eat!" said Uncle Hocus. "Since it's snowing so badly, I guess you'll have to stay the night," he added as everyone sat down.

"I don't know," answered Fred. "Shaggy and Scooby are afraid of Creepy Castle!"

"Oh, no, we're not! This should be fun! Let's stay the night," said Shaggy as he gnawed on a turkey drumstick. Scooby nodded in agreement as he chewed on the other drumstick.

"What about the ghost?" asked Velma.

"We don't have a ghost! I was cheated when I bought this castle," sighed Uncle Hocus. "I was told that a ghost walked these halls, moaning and howling each and every night. Well, it's not true!" he stated.

Shaggy and Scooby sighed in relief and continued to eat.

"The ghost only shows up twice a year," explained Uncle Hocus. "He appears on Christmas Eve and Christmas day, and that's all! I never see him any other time!"

Scooby and Shaggy choked on their turkey when they heard that. Just then, a blood curdling scream echoed through the castle.

"That's him! That's the ghost! I call him the Ghost of Christmas Present," joked Uncle Hocus.

Suddenly, the ghost of a mean, old man appeared near the Christmas tree. "Bah! Christmas? Humbug! No one ever gave me a present for Christmas! That's why I come back to haunt this castle every Christmas. I lived here all by myself and no one ever came to visit me — not even on Christmas! I never got a Christmas present," the ghost complained.

Shaggy, Scooby and everyone including Uncle Hocus were hiding under the dinner table. The ghost had frightened them.

"He wants a present. Give him a present, and maybe he'll go away," suggested Shaggy as he pushed Scooby out from under the table and toward the Christmas tree. Scooby nervously crept along the floor. He quickly reached under the tree, snatched up a present and offered it to the ghost.

The ghost smiled, took the present and disappeared. From then on, it was a Merry Christmas!

The best part of the evening was when Scooby and Shaggy opened their presents from Uncle Hocus. They were frightened out of their wits! Uncle Hocus gave them miniature, Frankenstein puppets!